

THE REVERSE SIDE

By JACK LAWTON.

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Stephen sat with brooding eyes looking over his meadows. To Stephen, the spreading farmland which he inherited was the most beautiful thing in the world. In it he found his life-work and his joy. To watch the growing and plenty of the labor of his hands and brain, was to him a great wonder and satisfaction. And it was his misfortune that love, coming later than it came to men who sought out their entertainment, should come in the delightful but unsuitable person of Hildegard Vane. Hildegard was born and raised to an environment very different from Stephen's meadows. Hildegard had known luxury and nothing but luxury and its benefits. That he should have found her at all was inconceivable. A relative Vane had purchased as a toy a certain farm in Stephen's vicinity, and under this Vane's Mids touch the farm turned out as profitably as his various other investments. So to the big remodeled country house on the hill, he invited occasionally city friends for weekend visits, and his favorite niece Hildegard was one of the most frequent visitors. At length, after a winter season of gaiety, it was thought best by the family physician that Miss Hildegard go to her uncle's rural estate for a prolonged and restful stay; and so, riding upon her pony one day, Hildegard had found Stephen's farmland, and coming down the tree-lined avenue, asked the favor of a drink of cool water. Just at first, the girl had taken Stephen for one of the usual helpers. When he responded to her request in his deferential courteous way, she became interested in his personality, and questioned the elder Vane, upon her return, concerning, "the big good looking farmer."

Her uncle laughed as he made reply, "Look out for your heart, Hilda. A man like Stephen Strong might do more damage to a girl's heart, rough clad, than any drawing-room idol." Hilda smiled retrospectively, "He looks like his name," she said, "strong. Tell me about him."

"Registering interest already," her uncle remarked, "Well, all I can tell is from reports. He's a college man—agriculture; capable, successful, honest. Wedded to country life."

"He would be," she mused, "or he would not devote himself to it."

The proper introduction had come about quite naturally. As Hilda was driving one evening with the elder Vane, Stephen approaching, stopped to give greeting. After that the girl met him frequently, and later accepted various gravely offered invitations to inspect the Strong farm, or to drive through the hills at Stephen's side. Stephen had not realized that in this proximity a hopeless love might come to him; friendship, pure and helpful, he had thought of as a possible and pleasant result. But love came. And such a love as only a true and simple heart like Stephen's could know.

Now that "she was going back to the city, and autumn lay upon the farm lands, Stephen told himself cruelly that he might have won her love if he had stooped to that selfishness. There was no vanity in the thought, only sorrow and a knowledge of the sweetness of her nature. But he was allowing her to go without a word, without a sign. Her lovely eyes had been wistful at parting with an appeal she herself but half recognized. Stephen stubbornly ignored their appeal. This was the only life for which he was fitted, the only life in which he might earn a measure of success, but to the Hildegard Vane to isolation, to take her from the court where she charmed and fitted—well, he was unwilling to accept the great gift of her renunciation. The uncle had hinted of a millionaire back there, who waited her favor. Hildegard should not be tempted in an hour of sympathetic feeling for himself, from her millions. So, politely, coldly, Stephen bade good-bye. One comfort he gave himself the sending of a basket of selected fruits to her at her uncle's as farewell gift before her coming departure. And now as he sat, he held her formal "thank you" note in his big brown hands. A square white card, gilt edged and of brief wording. Stephen held the card gently, and turned it slowly about, his very touch, a caress. Suddenly he noticed that he had neglected to read the reverse side of the card. There was writing here. Hilda woman-like, had added a postscript. Then his eyes racing on to the words, he realized that this was no postscript which she had written, but a complete note to her sister Elizabeth, evidently in the city. Often the girl had spoken to him regarding her married sister Bess, her mother, and, their aspirations. Hilda laughed lightly, he remembered, as she bewailed her deference to the women of her family.

"Dearest Bess," read Stephen, "I am coming back to you, don't worry. The eclipse which you fear for me is not to happen. But honestly Bess, I'd rather live here forever and ever with my man of the soil, than do anything else in the world. He is true Bess, and Strong—that's his name."

A blot ended the message.

"Than anything else in the world," he murmured joyously.

"Oh! little girl of mine, you are going to have your choice."

Enough of it.

"You've got to get a jack to hold up this machine."

"I hope not the kind of auto jack that held me up in it."

OF ORIENTAL TYPE

New York Fall Fashions Display Note of Far East.

Suits Heavily Embroidered—Jungle Effects Are Supplied by Tufts of Monkey Fur.

Fall fashion has its far and near East problem. Shall the Serpent of the Nile be the season's favorite daughter, and shall slinky, vampish robes of gorgeous hue be style's demand, or shall Helen of Troy, with white, flowing and corded raiment, be the model that the times demand? asks a New York fashion correspondent. Whatever the solution, today's indications, as seen in the smart shops of Fifth avenue or in the tawdry shops of the Bowery, are that nothing in the realm of feminine raiment will be in vogue for the coming season unless it bears some earmarks of the Orient. Said earmarks may be almost literal, for one eastern note is seen in earrings that dingle-dangle from many smart lips. Fall millinery fabric itself is exotic with rich stuffs such as abound in Arabian Nights lore. There are rich brocades of purple or dusky rose, lustrous satins of Algerian blue or Chinese crimson, stiff ribbons of metallic thread interwoven with flower, bird and butterfly designs, and even velvets embossed with rich embroideries in gold and silver threads or incrustated with seed pearls or rhinestones. And from these gorgeous hats hang earrings of wooden beads in startling hues, or of black jet, or even real sparkling gems.

Suits are heavily embroidered until they resemble the coronation robe of some fairyland prince. Wool and silk, metallic threads, jewels, colored hemp, or painted designs are used in working out this effect. Many of the suits and coats have the sleeves fairly embossed in embroideries, and allover embroidered bodices are very common. Some of the suits may be quite plain and simple in themselves, but are flecked by the Orient with a vest of some gorgeous fabric or a neck chain sold with the suit. Even appliques of black oilcloth are strewn over many garments, and hats are profuse with these oilcloth splashes in gay colors.

A jungle effect is supplied by tufts of monkey fur, which is the most modish trimming of the season. Gnat's beards are also hung about the collars of many suits and coats, giving a bona fide "bearded lady" effect.

Even the lines of the new dresses, suits and coats are taken from the East. The prevalent, sackish line of the new coats is a direct adaptation of the Arab's burnous. Dresses display the bolero as taken from the uniform of the Balkan soldier, and the flare line of the new suit coats is taken from the uniform of the Greek soldier.

Evening gowns are very much a la Cleopatra. Black net embroidered in an all-over scroll pattern in black silk is very popular, and the gay orient note is given by a rich girle of velvet or satin in many colors. Many of these girdles and sashes extend into a train. Some of the trains are wired up so as to form a canopy behind midleg. Do-lors of the famous peacock gown is held responsible for this fact—another folly for which the Follies may be blamed.

Shoes and hose are embossed in color and crusted with jewels until an American lady on a New York hotel dance floor looks like a direct Egyptian importation or a lady from a cigarette package.

"Dardanella" is the tune demanded by these dancers.

BLOUSE OF GEORGETTE CREPE



Adapted from Paris, this unusual blouse is of cream colored georgette crepe with panel vest and high collar of white broadcloth.

There has been a good deal of argument in connection with the all-important veil. There are certain women who, fondly imagining they are possessed of Spanish beauty, insist on draping themselves with floating veils on all occasions. The result is frequently very unsmart, for however graceful a floating veil may be, it is entirely unsuitable as an accompaniment to a tailored costume. Yet often the hard type of headgear, as felt or straw that suits our "tailleur" is greatly assisted by one of the new draped colored net or dyed lace veils. But it must be short and practical, and exploit the sartorial fitness of things.

MOLE TRIMMED VELVET SUIT



Among the new fashions shown at the recent Chicago fashions revue was this charming mole trimmed chiffon velvet suit, hand embroidered.

LINEN IN FAVOR FOR SUMMER

Starch Favorite Fabric in Loveliest Colors—Must Be Embroidered to Be in Style.

It is delightful to see that real linen, as transparent and filmy as the finest of handkerchiefs, is being worn once more, says Harper's Bazar. In the loveliest of colors it is abroad on summer sands and lawns, but never as unadorned fabric; it is invariably embroidered either in fine white cotton braid, in matching wool, or in satin ribbon. The ornamentation may take the form of small motifs applied at equal distances, or of a single motif covering the entire front of the skirt but ornamentation there must be. There is one other mode of adornment for these frocks—broad bands of perforation exquisitely embroidered often give the effect of entre-deux.

This renaissance of linen, however has by no means submerged the popularity of organdie, which is used in many charming ways this season. Silps of black silk or satin, or of some color, are often worn under full length, sleeved tunics of organdie which are left open in the front. Be it white, rose or jade, the crisp transparent fabric is unutterably lovely when thus combined.

The chapeaux which surmount these airy frocks are appropriately seductive. There is one that may be recalled with joy; of pale pink organdie, generous in size and with slightly rolled back brim. It was wreathed uniquely with black and white grapes. One can but note the prevalence of fruit as trimming for frocks. A broad-brimmed chapeau of deep rose organdie is encircled with a garland of white grapes; another of faintest mauve is adorned with black cherries and with leaves of green crepe ribbon, while broad hats of red horse-hair bear a luscious burden of ripe red strawberries.

FASHIONGRAMS

Many of the new black frocks are embroidered with crystal embroidery. A sporting costume shows a bright emerald green, knitted skirt and a green jumper striped with bands of red.

The Parisienne so loves pearls that she is wearing them about her wrists in the form of bracelets. This new fashion is a very attractive one.

As a note of color for the hat or girle a cluster of nasturtiums in rust red or flaming orange is the choice of the Parisienne.

It is predicted that simplicity of treatment and lack of overtrimming will be the keynote of the fall dresses. Among the new designs are simple coat dress effects, simple drapes and simple hemline styles in cloth and silk.

Natural pongee is the most in demand for cutting frocks. Frequently the tan material is bound in a color such as American green, emerald or old blue. Again striped pongee is employed to trim the plain ground fabric.

Tailored frocks of tricotine and veours are very popular among the new fall designs. The severity of these frocks is relieved by the trimming of beads or embroidery. The use of panels and tunics is also a feature of these frocks.

Ostrich is being used to trim many of the smartest frocks. This particular trimming is meeting with much success where it is being used to trim the tunics of skirts. In some cases the hands of ostrich are so thick that they resemble fur.

Daring Combination of Colors.

A simply made evening dress in which a daring combination of colors appears, producing an effect that while sounding a bit lurid is made in this way: A lavender underslip is barred with very narrow purple velvet ribbon in the form of a lattice work, with here and there red roses caught to the lattice. Veiling this gay slip is a simple frock of old-blue tulle made with a full skirt and sleeveless bodice having a V-shaped décolletage. A sash of dull blue girdles it at the normal waistline.

CLOTH FROM BARK OF TREES

Primitive Peoples, Lacking the Art of Weaving, Have Long Made Use of Such Materials.

On view at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, are some fine specimens of bark-cloth or "tapa." In many localities throughout the tropics of both hemispheres crude civilizations, lacking both the knowledge and means of weaving, have fashioned cloth from the inner bark of certain trees. The Micronesian, Polynesian and Malayan islands and Africa were all tapa-making countries. The Maoris of New Zealand, too, know the art.

Within the last century tapa has become a rarity, save in Samoa, where an excellent quality is still manufactured for the sake of the tourist trade, and in those parts of Africa to which the textiles of a higher culture have not yet been introduced.

Tapa cloth is made by scraping the bark off certain trees, mixing the ragged strips with a paste made of roots and beating it out while wet with wooden mallets until it is like thin cloth, which looks as if it had been woven. Thicker cloth is made by pasting two or more thicknesses together. It is then dyed.

His Real Reason.

She was angry at him and all of his efforts to effect a reconciliation had failed. Finally she said: "All of your and my friends say you just married me because I'm so young and you're so old and that you knew one way to become young was to associate with youth."

He smiled at her sweetly. "No, that isn't it," he disputed. "My mother always told me that the way to become beautiful was to look continually at beautiful objects. I have always longed to be beautiful, so I married you to help out with the beautifying process."

It is not necessary to say that the reconciliation was immediately effected.

The First Postcards.

It is difficult to imagine a time when the postcard was not with us, and yet, according to verified accounts, it will be 70 years in October since the postcard first made its way through the post in England, about a year after it had appeared in Austria, for it was the invention of a professor in Vienna, Doctor Hermann, who had induced the postal authorities to try the experiment of an "open card for correspondence," when a million were printed as a beginning. Soon they were in use in Great Britain, though with the announcement, "The postal office undertakes no responsibility for the contents of this communication."

Called for Ingenuity.

When Mrs. Hattie Dixon, a condemned murderer of Sing Sing, demanded a new pair of stockings it was found that there were none in the prison stock large enough for her, the prison machinery could not make larger ones, and the regulations forbid the purchase of stockings from outside markets. So the hosiery makers slit the sides of small pairs and patched and spliced them, and now Mrs. Dixon is provided for.

Peru's Wealth in Vanadium.

Some vanadium is produced in Colorado, but the world's richest mine is Minas Ragra, in Peru, estimated to contain 95 per cent of the world's known supply. The ore averages 19 per cent vanadium, and that in sight is believed to represent 30,000,000 tons of metal. The production of the mine was 4,000 tons in 1917, and 2,200 in 1918. The chief use of vanadium is in tool steels, and in steels subjected to repeated strains.

Honest Milkman.

"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge.

"Your honor, I plead not guilty."

"But the testimony shows that it is 25 per cent water."

"Then it must be 'high-grade milk,' returned the plaintiff. "If your honor will look up the word 'milk' in your dictionary you will find that it contains from 80 to 90 per cent water. I should have sold it for cream!"—Success Magazine.

Where It Belonged

Three-year-old Walter received his first boy's cap the other day. His Uncle John put it on one side of his head so that the bill was turned toward one ear. Then he carried Walter to the mirror. But the little fellow didn't like the effect. He began to twist the cap so that the bill would be in front.

"I want the perch over my face," he explained to his uncle.

Patching It Up.

Yeast—You say he and his wife had some trouble?

Crimsonbank—Oh yes. They had a great scrap.

"Where is he now?"

"In the house."

"Can't they patch matters up, do you suppose?"

"Well, he's at work on one of his eyes now."

Safe at Least.

"Do you know, it always makes my head swim to go on the water?"

"Well, in that case you'd be quite safe if you fell overboard!"—Boys' Life.

The Verdict.

Spilled Star—The critics say I am just killing in this part.

Tired Manager—Yes, they do say you murder it.

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